

SHEER HOSE

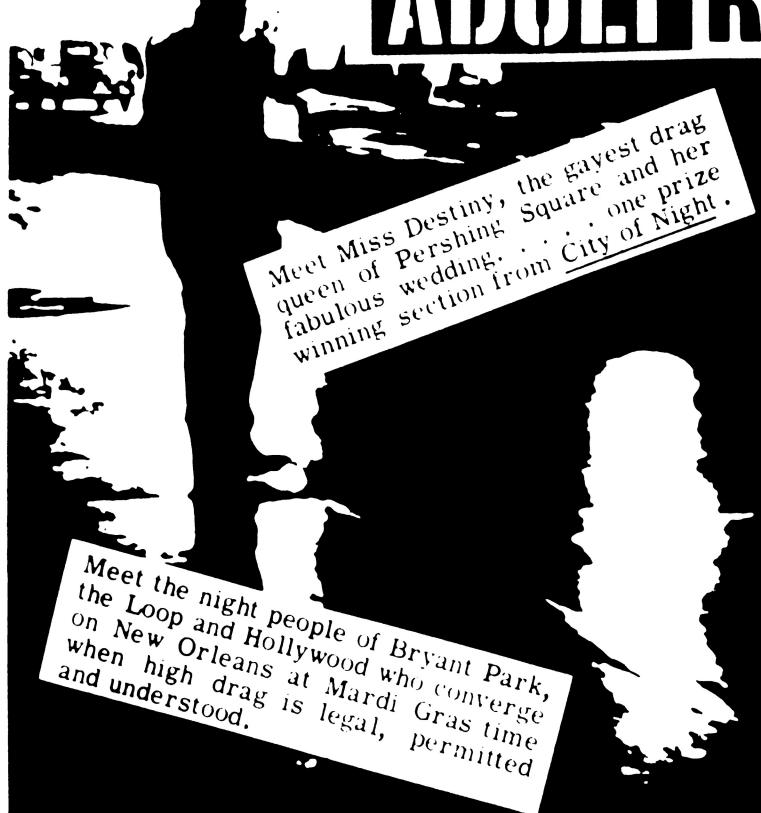
VOL. 1 ISSUE 1

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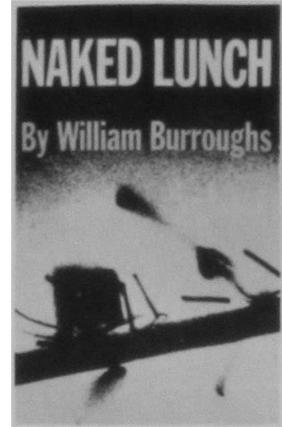
"City of Night" (\$6.95)
 "Naked Lunch" (\$7.50)
 "Jou Pu Tuan" (\$8.50)

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Newsweek

November 26, 1962



Price: \$7.50

John Ciardi, *The Saturday Review*

"NAKED LUNCH" is writing of an order that may be clearly defended not only as a masterpiece of its own genre, but as a monumentally moral descent into the hell of narcotic addiction.

Jack Kerouac:

"Burroughs is the greatest satirical writer since Jonathan Swift. The net result of NAKED LUNCH will be to make people shudder at their own lies, will be to make them open up and be *straight* with one another. Swift and Rabelais and Sterne accomplished a step in that direction, and Burroughs another."

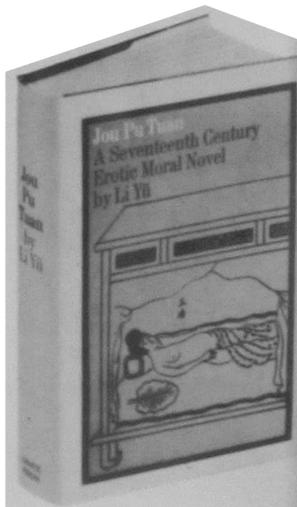


Jou Pu Tuan

by Li Yu

*Translated by Richard Martin
from the German version*

by Dr. Franz Kuhn

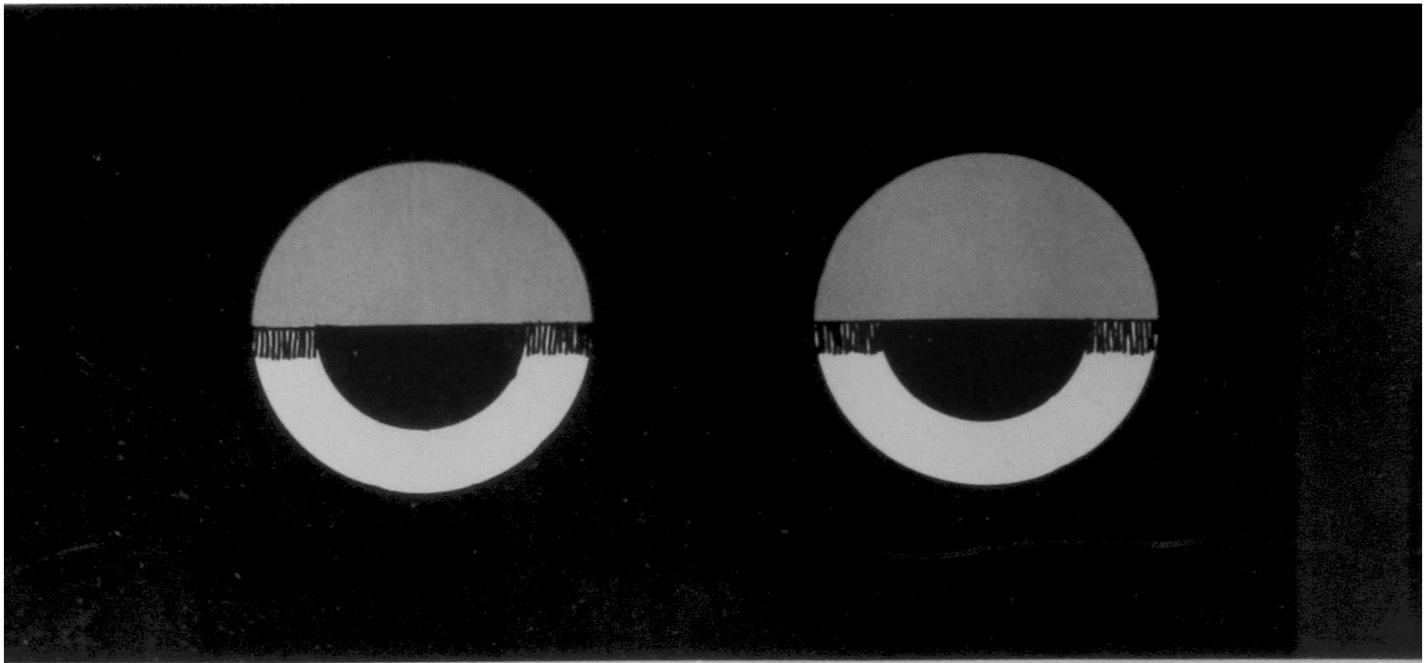


According to the best information, Jou Pu Tuan is a novel of the Ming period, first published in 1634 and written by Li Yu, the famous dramatist, novelist, and essayist. Like the *Chin Ping Mei* (*The Golden Lotus*), it is the story of one man and six women, and like that other classic of Chinese literature, it mixes the erotic and the moral in a tale designed to amuse the reader as well as reform him, to give him, in the typically sharp image of the author, "the bitter olive of morality embedded in the sweet flesh of dates."

Price: \$8.50

DAMIL,
P.O. Box 148,
Jericho, N.Y.





night prowler in nylons

Loretta Lynly has a problem and we can sympathise with her. Loretta is a sleep walker and she just can't seem to do anything about it. She has tried everything. Ice water next to the bed, sewing herself into the sheets, but nothing stops her. She just keeps on sleep walking.

Sleep walking wouldn't be so bad if she would stay in her own apartment, but she finds herself in too many embarrassing situations not to try and find a cure. One night she woke up to find herself directing traffic in her baby dolls. One afternoon just a couple of weeks ago, Loretta decided to take an afternoon nap. The next thing she knew she was in a strange apartment with nothing on except her panties, garter belt, stockings and shoes. Fortunately for her it was the apartment of one of our contributing photographers. Just so the whole thing wouldn't be for nothing, he took these pictures.







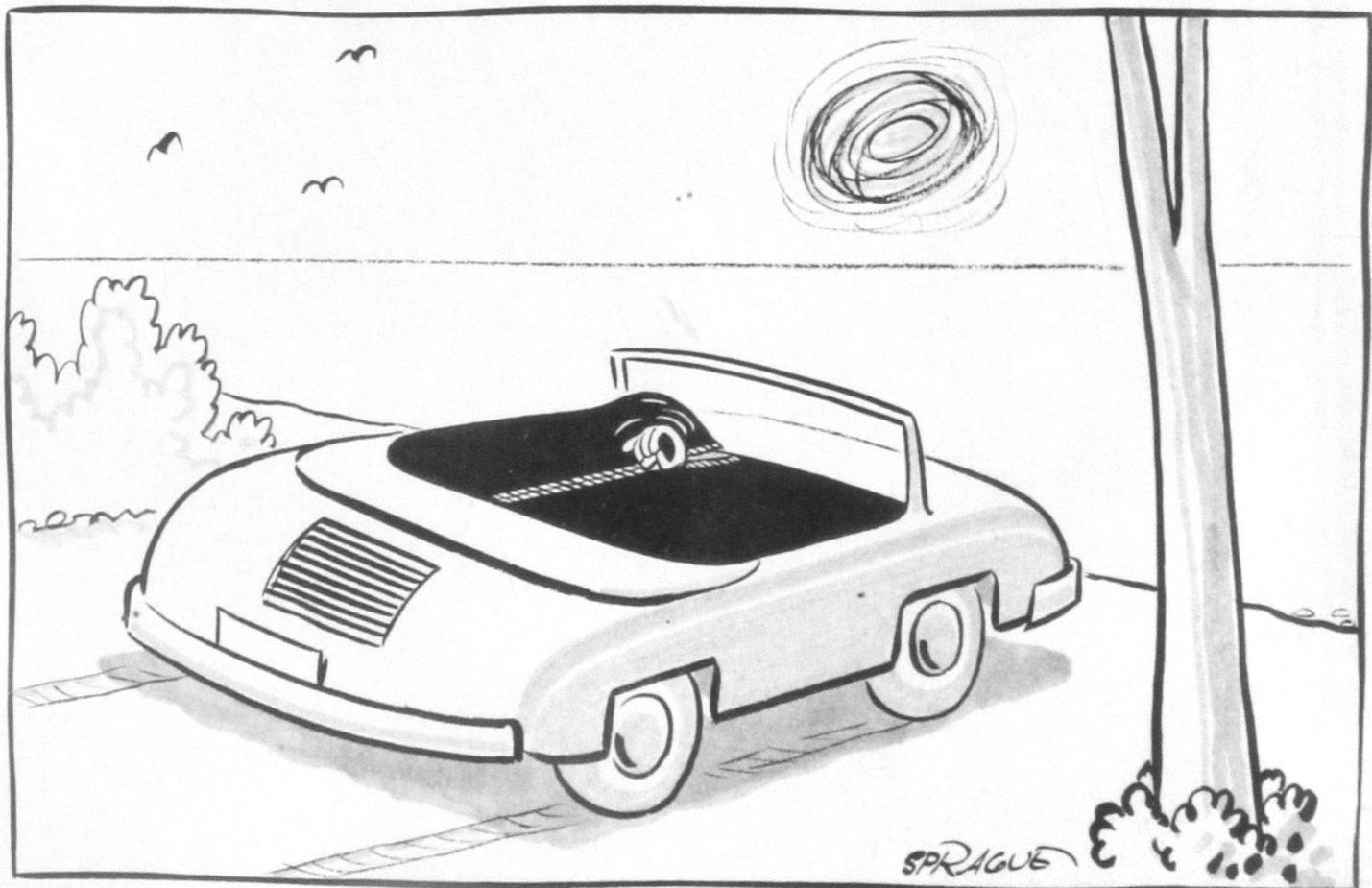












SCARLET

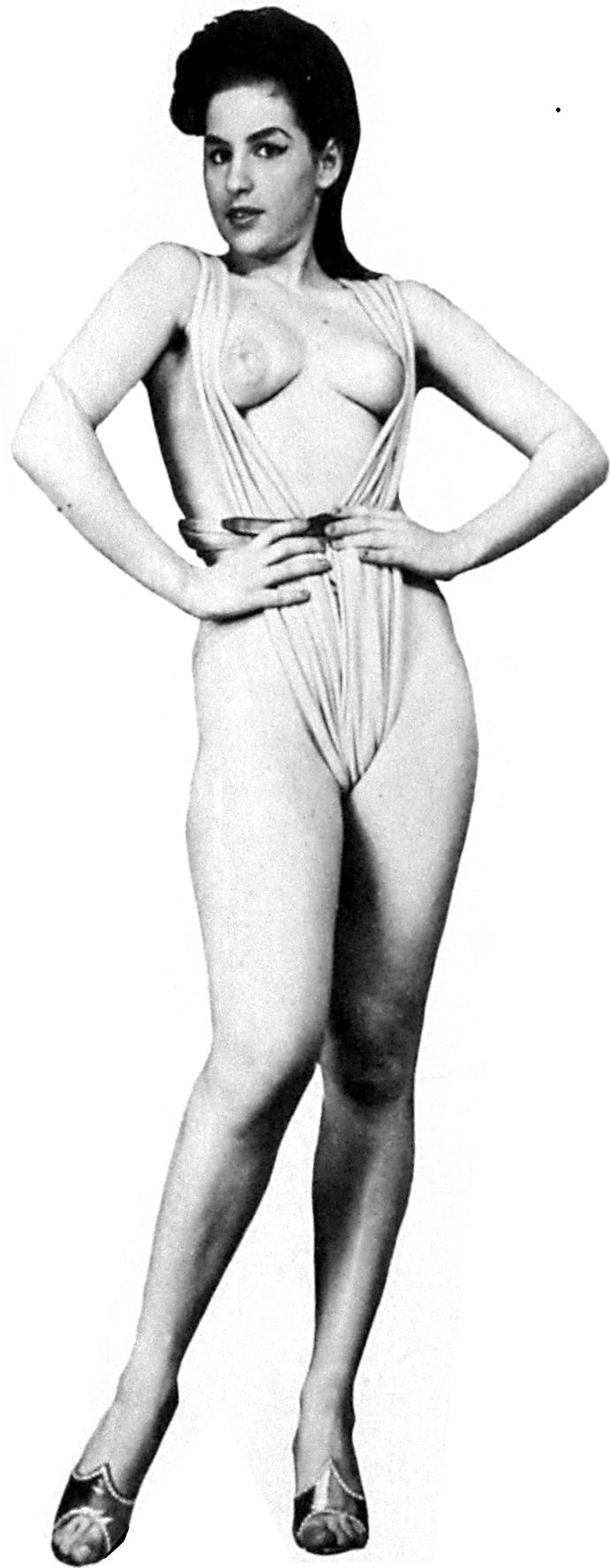
There's SCARLET O'Hara
There's SCARLET O'Flynn
And SCARLET O'Toole's
no fool!!!!

SCARLET is red,
SCARLET is swell,
Remember the SCARLET
pimpernel?

I met a SCARLET beaver,
I met a dog, a SCARLET
retriever.
Then I met the worst of all,
I met SCARLET fever!!!!

SCARLET hat,
SCARLET veil,
SCARLET dress,
SCARLET nail,
SCARLET shoes,
SCARLET hair.
The best of all is
SCARLET bare!!!!

1, 2, Blue shoe
3, 4, Purple floor
5, 6, Chartreuse sticks
7, 8, SCARLET'S GREAT.









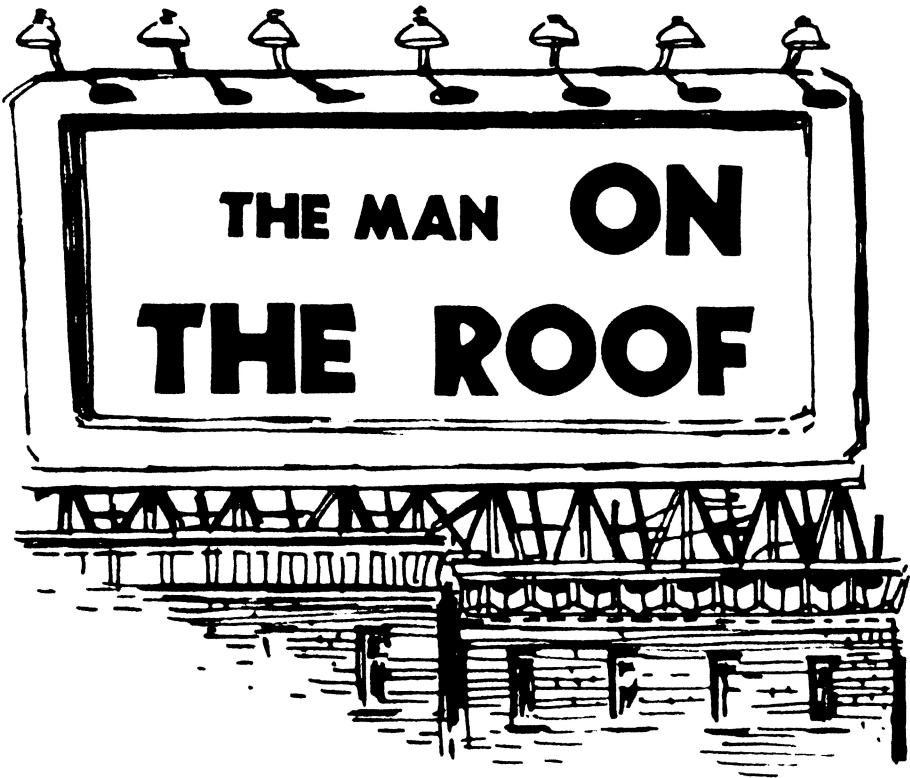


SCARLET SCARLET
SCARLET SCARLET SCARLET SCARLET



By Alan R. Mount

The windows on the east face of the Sutter Building looked down upon brownstone rooftops for blocks around ■ From the open window opposite the corkpanelled alcove where he operated one of the two mimeograph machines, Frankie could keep a sharp eye out for any woman sunbathing down there with almost nothing on ■ He had seen one the other day and now he never came to work without his brother's binoculars ■ But there was only a man lying down there on the roof of a brownstone three houses this side of Park Avenue not counting the bloodred brick pile of the University Club on the corner ■ This man was lying down on the roof on a redplaid beachmat wearing an unbuttoned white shirt and bermuda shorts; his feet were bare ■ Soaking up the sun, without a worry in the world except to watch how his tan was coming along. And he had to have a lot of money because it cost an arm and a leg to live in a place like that right in the middle of New York between Madison and Park ■ "Bastid," Frankie muttered. "I hope you get third degree burns." He flicked the remainder of his cigarette out the window and watched it fall to the street, hoping it would hit somebody ■ Above, a window slammed shut; a dozen pigeons flapped and fluttered from the shadows of an airshaft into the sunlight which shimmered on their wings ■ Frankie's eyes came alive with a quick flash of challenge and his small thinlipped mouth curved into a humorless grin. With astonishing speed for him, he snapped



up a staple gun and fired into the swooping formation of birds.

"Next time, stoopid!" he rasped. Then, to Dave working a mimeograph machine behind him, he said,

"I hate them. My cousin Vinnie has a million pigeons on his roof. And he gives them names, and feeds them and they crawl all over him. And that's all he does all day is look after birds. On account of this lucky break. See Vinnie goes into the army and right away: boomboom — he hurts his leg. Two weeks later, he's out of the army with a fat pension coming in every month. And he don't limp that bad. But now all he does all day long is look after them crummy birds."

One of the pigeons Frankie had fired upon settled onto the brownstone rooftop three houses from the corner, not counting the University Club. Through the binoculars Frankie watched the bird leave sharp little clawmarks in the soft hot tar.

"Hea, bird," he called down; the binoculars still lifted to his eye. "Do something useful once in your life. Hit that rich bastid right in the face!" He laughed with glee because the pigeon wasn't stopping at the edge of the redplaid beachmat. It pecked at it cautiously for a moment and then hopped onto the bare, sweatglistened chest of the man lying so still and peaceful.

Frankie watched the bird's head bob down to peck at dark wet hairs on the man's chest, pulling on his flesh. The man did not stir.

"Hea, fella," Frankie chuckled. "Somebody's eatin' on your titty. Don't you feel nothing?"

* * *

All Richard Grover had wanted to do was get a little sun. That was all. He and Ann Carey had planned their two weeks vacation together and were going to a quiet beach resort hotel which the brochure described as being perched high above an azure ocean

pounding against a rocky shore.

He sensed immediately that he would get a horrible burn the moment he set foot on the beach and spend the remainder of his two weeks peeling dried skin from his back and shoulders.

So he'd wanted to get a little sun. Ann didn't have to worry. She had a wonderful golden tan all year long and Grover wouldn't have been a bit surprised to learn that she was tan all over. He liked that idea very much.

"Why not borrow a sun lamp?" Ann had suggested.

"Yes, he thought, Mrs. Lewis, the superintendent of his building, owned one and he would ask her.

But Mrs. Lewis was sorry, she had loaned it to a lady-friend who suffered from bursitis of the hip.

So the day he and Ann were supposed to leave, Grover came up to the roof to get a little sun. That was all. He only wanted to stay on the roof for an hour or so. Then it would be time to shower, finish packing, and call for Ann. He had made so many plans: the leisurely dinner on the train; the moonlight on the beach; the pink and white striped chaise longues in the private cabanas pictured in the brochure. And Ann was in every part of the plans and he wanted her so. He could see her lovely tan body, so slender and supple lying on the chaise longue. She was holding out her arms and calling for him. Richard! Richard!

Oh he wanted her so!

Now it was night and he lay on the roof where he'd fallen asleep so many hours ago and he could not move.

He had had a nightmare in which he had awakened to find a great bird sitting on his chest tearing at his flesh with its terrible jagged glass beak. And he hadn't been able to move, but lay pinned to the roof like a butterfly on a tray. That had been part of a nightmare, hadn't it?

The sky was blueblack and the build-

ings all around him were blazing with light, blotting out the stars.

He was cold. He wanted to button his shirt. Oh for God's sake! That wasn't it at all! What he wanted was to get up and go with Ann to a quiet place beside an azure ocean pounding against a rocky shore. Still he lay there, and he was very cold, trying desperately to remember how he had moved before.

I feel as though my body has let down iron roots into the building and the roots are imbedded deep into the granite of the city. If I try hard enough I could jump up onto the balls of my feet the way I did in college against the boys from Columbia and St. John's. But if I do, I'll pull away part of the roof!

And he actually tried.

Oh God I can't do it.

I can't. I can't.

Then he remembered the pain. He had stepped out onto the roof into the hot white sunlight and the soft hot tar felt spongy under his bare feet. The sky was burning up and the sun was a whitehot hole through which you could see, if you could stand the glare, infinity.

He had shielded his eyes from it. That was when the pain came.

At first he thought someone from behind had stabbed him with a jagged bottle. Something was ripping down the left side of his body, slashing through his neck and burying deep and excruciatingly into his thigh. He sagged against the hot brickwall of the chimney and yelled with his lips tightly shut. The scream reverberated back into his head and whatever it was went away as suddenly as it had come.

He had cried; his cheeks were wet with tears and perspiration. Oh Jesus! What the hell had it been? He had felt fine right after and lay down on the beachmat. But for a minute he thought — God he didn't know what to think!

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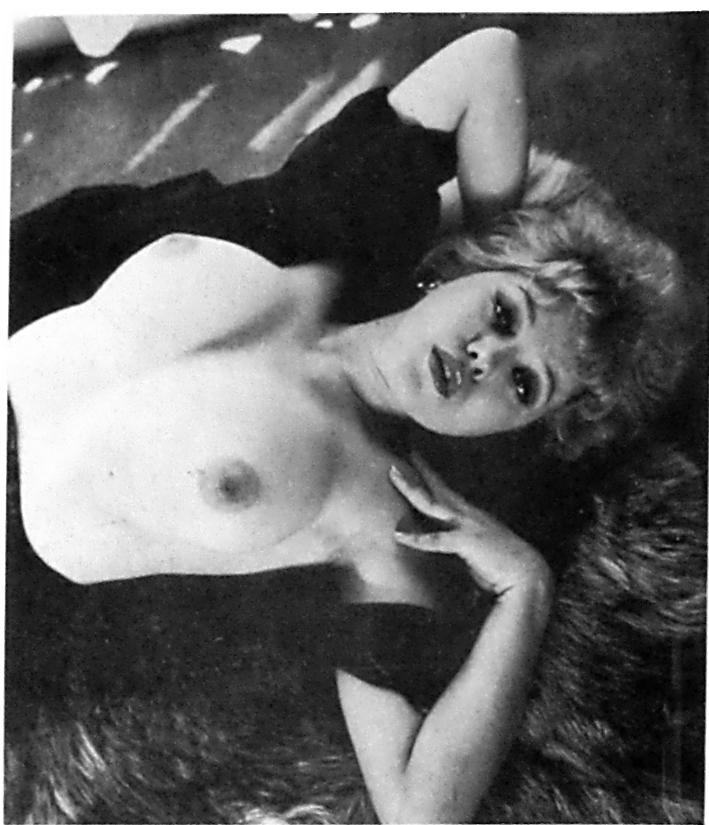


Are your batteries run down?
Are you having trouble with
your automatic re-load? You
need Victoria Kennedy! Victoria
is an electronics technician, and
she claims that if it has wires
she can fix it. Vicky doesn't
work at electronics, she just does
this stuff for her friends. She
is a full time professional model.

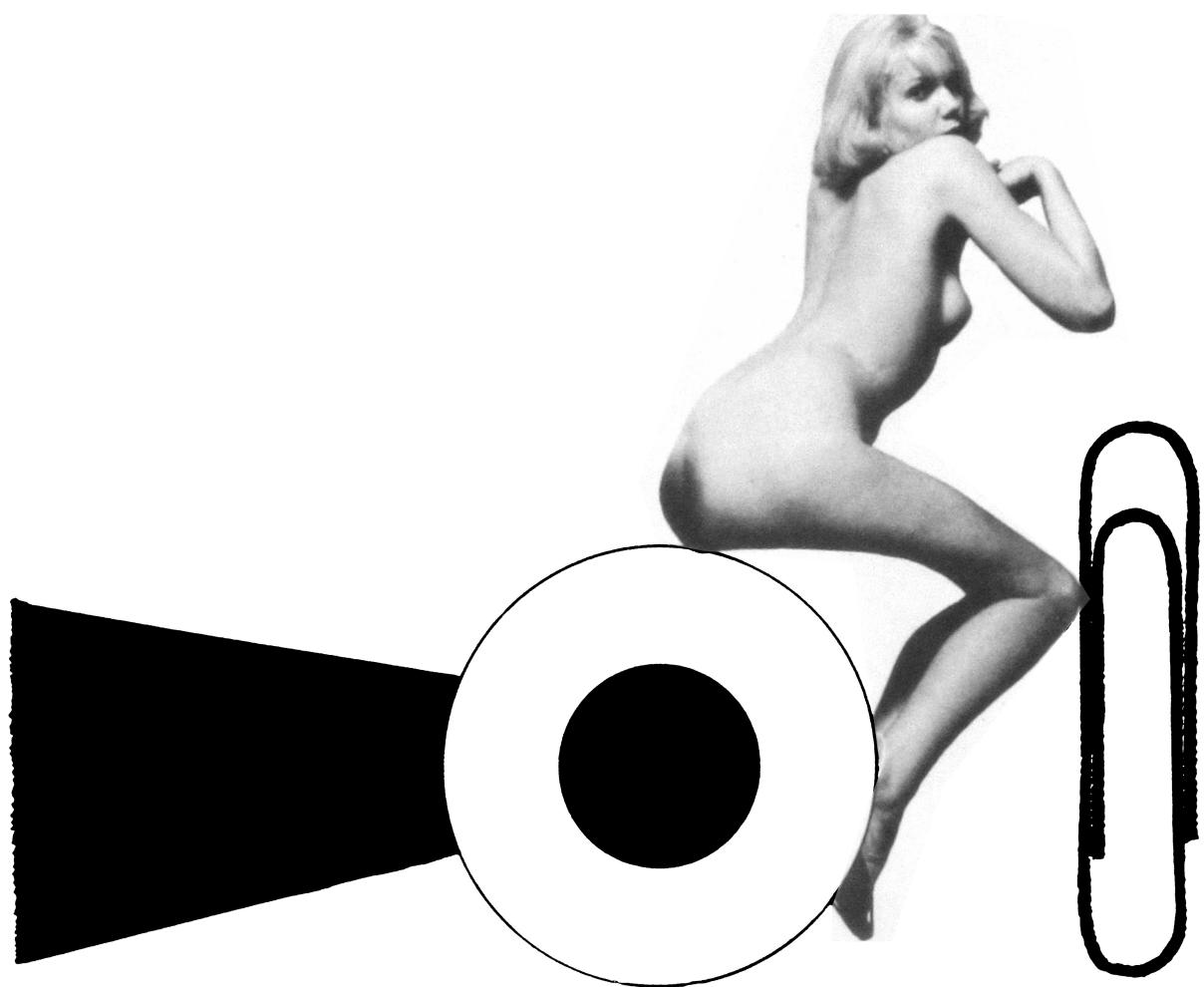
Electronics was only an after
thought for when she retires
from modeling. Then she can
always make a buck by fixing
a neighbor's TV set or some-
thing. Electronics might be good
for Victoria's future, but she is
the kind of a girl *we* get a
charge out of right now.











OPERATION: NEW SECRETARY

by Greg Graham

His last secretary, Lola the All-American bosom girl left him because of his wife's worst suspicions . . . which happened to be so damn true.

But there was no time for exotic memories . . . Miss Softbacks, his brand new secretary with the dream body job, was patiently waiting in his private office for her first day's instruction.

He was pleased to notice she wore an unpretentious Madison Avenue type simple little tight fitting sheath dress that revealed both shapely knees and a generous sample of what's up above, when she sat down.

He handed her a cigarette and lit it to put her at her ease. He sat back and admired the way she exhaled smoke slowly from provocative "kiss" puckered lips.

He said to himself dreamily, "This doll was made for this office, or soon will be." He was al-

ready thinking about the company convention at Philadelphia . . . the grand executive suite with the connecting door to his secretary's room.

He wondered whether she was the slapping or marathon run-around-the-desk type. He also wondered how long it would be before his wife cased his office staff again.

"Miss Softbacks," he said in his best Board Meeting voice, "We run an informal office here. . . . You may call me Tom. . . . Some call me Big Tom."

"I'll call you Tom for the time being until I know more about you," Miss Softbacks said with a slight flush in her cheeks.

He walked directly over to the leather executive couch and sat down. "Now let's get down to the day's business Miss Softbacks," he said patting the couch, "I'll show you how we run our office."

"Not so *early* in the morning!" Miss Softbacks said almost plead-

ingly, giving him an all too knowing look. "The last office I worked for we used to save this for the afternoon three o'clock coffee-break."

He had to laugh. It struck him funny. Miss Softbacks had passed her first test. You couldn't shock her. She would go far in a company like this.

He walked over to the supply cabinet and pulled out a stenographer's notebook and handed it to her.

"Creating proper working habits, as you know Miss Softbacks, is the key to efficiency in a secretary," he said in an authoritative voice. "We naturally demand that a girl have the right posture."

"Naturally, Tom," Miss Softbacks said walking over to the leather couch and stretching herself out in a voluptuous prone position. "Like say this for example? . . . It's the standard one."

It was a tempting layout but he

had a sudden horrendous vision of an angry wife storming into the office at this untimely moment.

"Please, Miss Softbacks!" He said giving her the cold eye. "We have letters to get out . . . If you'll come over to the desk I'll start dictating."

"At your service, boss," Miss Softbacks said showing a great deal of Miss Softbacks as she rose from the sofa.

He waited while she sat down in the chair strategically placed close to his and again as she recrossed long silken legs languorously to afford the best southern view.

He waited until Miss Softbacks generously hitched her skirt a few more inches above her silken knee.

"Fine!" he said. "Now we're ready to dictate."

Just then Miss Softbacks dropped her pencil and he gazed fondly at the movement beneath her open top blouse.

"Are you ready Miss Softbacks?"

"Not until the afternoon coffee-break."

"I mean, are you ready to take a letter?"

"Ready!"

He dictated two letters and had her read them back to him. Slowly he watched the rhythmical bobbling of Miss Softback's fanny as she walked over to her desk to type up the letters. He made a mental note to have Miss Glutz, the office work horse, do all his correspondence hereafter.

"Have you had any experience with Corporate Meetings, Miss Softbacks?" he asked.

Her cheeks flushed again, "I've heard about them," Miss Softbacks said in a low confidential voice, "But it's a little too wild for me . . . I don't dig those buddy buddy gang shag type binges."

"I'm talking about director's meetings," he explained patiently. "Like taking down the minutes of the meeting."

"Now I dig . . ." Miss Softbacks said, "Clue me."









While Miss Softbacks adjusted a garter belt that didn't need adjusting, her new boss explained that a secretary must start out by reading the minutes of the previous meeting, then take shorthand notes of the meeting at hand.

"Now, are you familiar with business calls over the telephone switchboard?" he asked.

"I'm an expert on a telephone switchboard, boss," she said brightly, "including the selection of trunks for night connections?"

"Then you know about releasing night connections?"

"Elemental boss . . . Just pull the jack cord out and you're ready to go home."

He watched Miss Softbacks as she returned to her desk with her fanny motor running full swing. Instead of pounding the typewriter she took out her compact and lipstick. As she applied the red stick to her parted lips her large almond eyes looked sidewise at her new boss with a knowing look.

"Shall I tell her or will you?" Miss Softbacks said slowly.

"Tell who?" he asked puzzled.

"Your Miss Glutz to take over while you and I go out for our three o'clock afternoon coffee-break?" Miss Softbacks cooed in a voice heavily laden with sex.

"But it's still morning . . ." he protested. "It's not three."

"It will be by the time we have that coffee . . . do you want to bet?"

As he left the office early that morning with his new secretary, Miss Glutz gave him a hopeless look.

"What shall I tell J.B. if he asks where you are?" Miss Glutz asked in a work horse manner.

"Tell him we're at the Grand Mount Hotel working on pre-convention problems," he said smiling towards Miss Softbacks as the two of them walked out of the office.

And Miss Glutz knew every god-dam word of it was true. As far as he and his new secretary, Miss Softbacks was concerned, the convention had already started.

-END-



Alright so he had had a pain. Everybody felt pain once in a while. It had been sharp, sudden and severe. But the moment it was gone he had felt alright, perfectly alright.

He just wanted to lie down for an hour and let the sun get at him. Why should he wake up now and feel as though the blood in his veins had turned to concrete?

It was night and he was afraid, so he closed his eyes to shut it all out the way he had done as a boy.

My eyelids! I moved them!

He tried again. And then once more. Oh look, I'm alright. It's the middle of New York, there are a million people all around me. All these buildings—the apartment house across the street. I can see the upper floors and the balconies. When someone comes out I'll scream for help. I'm alright. I can take care of myself no matter what.

A woman's laughter showered through the air like a handful of falling crystal beads. Grover rolled his eyes skyward and saw the silhouette of a man and woman on an upper balcony. He could hear them, their whispering voices, her throaty laughter again.

He wanted to scream but his mouth was nailed shut and his tongue had turned to stone. Grover couldn't even hear his own scream for help.

The woman laughed again as the man leaned forward to kiss her breast. They went inside; and soon the lights went out in the buildings towering above the roof on which Richard Grover lay silently calling for help. There were stars in the black velvet sky and they filled the world with wonder while Richard Grover slipped into a whirling dream of lonely desperation.

* * *

Ann couldn't understand it. Richard Grover was a considerate man. He had been so eagerly looking forward to these two weeks. What kind of a man would make so many plans with a girl

and then just forget about everything? Hadn't he said five fifteen? It was eleven thirty. He hadn't even bothered to pick up a phone. What did he take her for? Just what kind of a girl did he think she was?

"I just don't understand a bit of it," she said out loud. George, the lobby attendant and night elevorman looked up from his newspaper. Ann buzzed her apartment. The little speaker sputtered and her roommate, Marge Platte answered.

"No", Marge said. "He hasn't called. Nobody has called since six thirty and that was my mother and she calls every Friday at six thirty. My advice to you, and it will be the last statement I make on the . . ."

"I'm coming up," Ann said hanging up. Anticipating her request, George put the matching black canvas suitcases into the elevator.

Marge was in the kitchenette washing out a coffeepot.

"And another thing," said Marge continuing her conversation without a pause, "you ought to have your head examined for handing whatshisname an engraved invitation to I-don't-know-what down by the beautiful sea in the first place."

"I don't want to hear anymore one last statements!" Ann leaned her forehead against the door jamb. I'm not going to cry. I'm not.

"He isn't like that, Marge. You don't know him. Richard is sweet, considerate. Such a quiet man . . ."

"Oh honey, they're the ones you've got to look out for!"

* * *

The voice of the calisthenics instructor who had been hired to help soften the flab on the frames of the alumni droned rhythmically through the morning air, already baking-oven hot, from the roof of the University Club.

" . . . and two and three and four and down and push with your arms and

on your feet. Now, one more time, and we'll hit the showers. **And!** Down and push and up and five and six and seven and feet together stop! Fine. . . . breathe out slow-ly, feel your muscles relax. Feel that kink in your shoulder; rotate the arm slowly—that's it, feel it ease out. Swell." Then an airplane high over the rooftops of the city drowned out the man's thick throat-muscled voice.

Grover saw a woman on a balcony across the street watering red geraniums with a long thinnecked watering can. She miscalculated and water spilled over the top of one of the white pots and in shining droplets fell to the street.

His throat was cracked and dry; the sun burned his face and chest. He was very thirsty.

A door grated open to his right. Straining his eyes till he felt they were popping from his head, Grover saw a young woman wearing a halter top and blue denim shorts come into the sunlight vigorously rubbing her close cropped hair with a yellow towel. She moved to the edge of the roof and peered over the ledge. Then she wrapped the towel into a tight turban round her head and began going through some dancing routines.

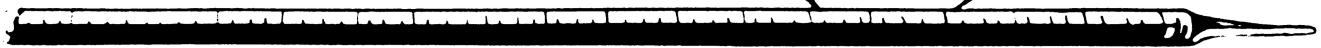
If she moved closer to him he could only see her head and shoulders because she was on the roof of the brownstone next door and it was on a lower level. Grover strained his eyes so that the image of the girl in the halter top and shorts began to blur and slowly became the transparent image of twins in tight shorts doing highkicks.

Look this way, please look this way. I'm blinking. Can't you see me! See S-O-S. Two long and one short. Oh please look this way.

First she kicked high and moved to the right, switched positions, kicked high and moved to the left. Grover had to keep blinking for fear she

continued on page 46

(FEVER)



Up goes your temperature, your pulse beat quickens, and your sedimentation rate goes from a normal zero to the maximum ten. Don't call a doctor. You only have Scarlet Fever. Scarlet gives you that fever by presenting pictures of such beautiful models as Andrea Loren. Andrea is a green eyed, titian haired beauty with out of this world dimensions, and if she doesn't give you a rise, just lay down and close the lids because you are dead brother













BRIEF ENCOUNTER

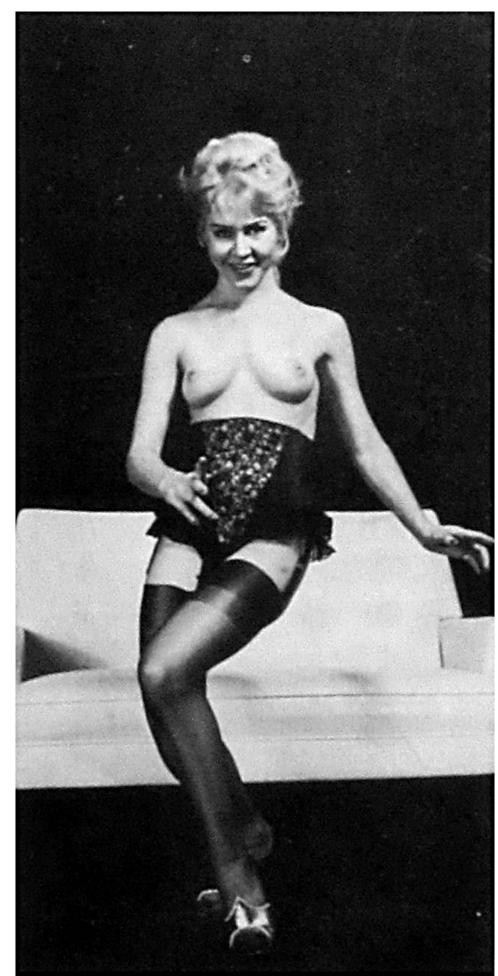
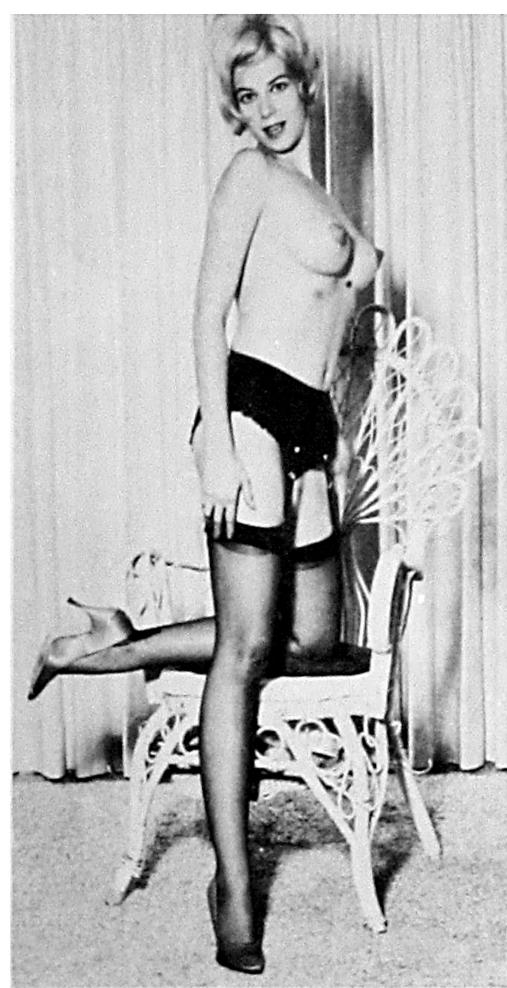
Of course it all depends how you look at it. Personally it never fails to amaze us. One moment they're just a handful of fabric thrown on a chair . . . The next . . . WOW . . . You've got it brother. We're thinking about briefs and about these lovely femme fatales.



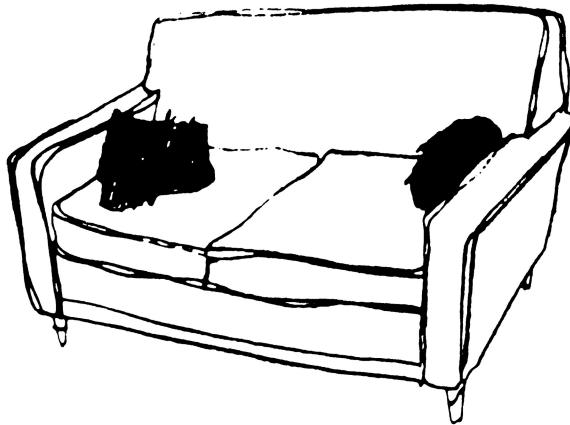








THE CASTING COUCH BIT



by
Hammel Schmidt

THE SCENE: The lush office of a famous Hollywood motion picture producer. Conspicuously placed in the center of the office is a well worn leather executive couch known to the trade as the "casting couch". It is something the busy producer manages to occasionally relax on while listening to the murmur of his ulcers and plotting the studio's future destiny.

But to the platoons of beautiful hungry chicks pouring into Hollywood daily by plane, train and sport cars, the casting couch is where acting careers are launched and made. You'd be wasting their time if you tried to tell them different.

Behind the oversized mahogany desk sits a rather young but important looking man with dark hair. He wears the latest ivy league vines.

Into the office swishes a lush arrangement of feminine pulchritude wearing a tight fitting sheath dress calculated to test the fire prevention sprinkling system of any business office.

Her name is Molly, and she is a blonde straight from the hog lands of Iowa. What she knows about Hollywood she owes to a large well-read stack of fan magazines. What she knows about men is terrific. Molly wastes no time with introductions but walks directly to the leather casting couch and sits down on the edge, crossing two long magnificent limbs.

Ted, the man behind the large desk allows himself ample time to survey the generous southern view.

TED: (smiling) "I like what I see. But can you act?"

If you want to break that down honey, it means are you good in bed?"

MOLLY: (pouring him a smile you could cook waffles over.)

"Try me. I was big in summer theatre. Let's say honey, I'm big everywhere . . . where it counts."

If he can't see that in this dress he's a kookie.

TED: (walking over and lighting a cigarette for her.)

"What I mean is . . ."

Wow! This doll is fully packed.

MOLLY: (puffing) "Thanks!"

What he means is he wants a closer look at the merchandise.

TED: (patting Molly's knee affectionately.)

"For your sake Molly I hope you make the grade. But this isn't summer stock. You'll find a lot of hot competition here in Hollywood."

I wonder who this squirrel is. I hope she doesn't belong to anyone at the studio.

MOLLY: (reshifting her legs so that her skirt rides above the top of her stockings.)

"I'm ready to sacrifice everything for my art."

If he falls for that message I've already got my fish in the pail.

TED: (carefully closing the office door, clicking the lock and walking back towards Molly with a gleam in his eyes.)

"Good, then I suppose we had better get on with the casting."

I'm going to hate myself, but this doll has come all the way to Hollywood for this.

MOLLY: (standing up and peeling off her dress)

"I'd better take this off. I paid a fortune for it."

What I mean is I'd better keep this guy interested or he might change his mind.

TED: (admiring what he sees)

"Good, now you'll be able to play the bedroom scene part I have in mind for you. Now if you'll just join me here on the couch we'll see what kind of an actress you are."

This is the day I would forget my damn vitamin pills!"

MOLLY: (exhaling cigarette smoke with skeptical expression)

"What if I should fail my screen test, honey? Think of all the valuable time I'd be wasting."

If this kookie thinks I'm acting for free he's crazy.

TED: (pulling Molly to the couch)

"Don't worry baby, you're in. I can tell great talent when I see it."

I'd hate to count up how much money that line has saved me.

20 MINUTES LATER

TED: "You're a natural for the part, doll. You came through with flying colors."

And I've got bruises to prove it!

MOLLY: (slipping back into her dress.)

"Thanks Mister Producer! I can't wait to tell everyone I'm a movie star. Think of it . . . my name in bright lights on every movie marquee in the country!"

Thank goodness the test is over with. I can't stand this guy.

TED: (leading her to the door)

"Leave your name and phone number with my secretary, baby, and I'll call you just as soon as the picture gets rolling."

Wait until this chick finds out we shoot all our films in Europe. It's been more than a year since we put out a call for actors!

MOLLY: (blowing Ted a sexy kiss as she leaves the office with a knowing smile.)

"Bye hon!"

That was like taking candy away from a kid. Did I hook him on that summer theatre jazz. I've never been inside of one!

(A few mintues after Molly leaves, Miss Trask, a middle aged secretary enters the office without knocking. She hands Ted a slip of paper with a name and phone number written on it. Ted thanks her and throws the slip of paper in the waste basket.)

MISS TRASK: "Mr. Abanathy, the big boss, called from Europe today, Ted. He wants to know why it's taking you so long to clean out these old files in his office. He wants you to grab a mop and clean up the film storage room next."

... END ...

might see him just when he'd stopped for a second. He was blinking furiously, increasing his speed to match her intricate practise routines.

She had stopped the highkicks to massage a morning kink from her left buttock. Her fingers kneaded the curve of flesh beneath the tight fabric. Grover watched the blurred image, straining his eyes, still blinking.

Next she tried some leaps. Graceful, relaxed, her slender arm trailing an arc in the air, the girl seemed to float. Once, twice, then she leaped again and saw the man lying on the roof next to hers.

"Ooh," she cried coyly. I must look a mess!" and moved to the ledge of the roof where he lay and put her elbows on its tarry surface. "I hope I didn't scare you. I must look afraid."

Stop talking can't you! Look at me, I'm made of stone, help me.

She thought he was very attractive. She liked a man with a good outdoorsy color to him. But, ooh, he had the oddest way of lying there straight as a stick with his eyes staring at you and blinking like a busted traffic light. You'd think he'd never seen a girl in shorts before, the way his eyes were bulging out. And winking. How corny.

"Well, don't think it hasn't been a million laughs. By-ee."

Oh my God she's going away. Help Help!

She turned for a moment and there he was, blinking away. Blink blink. I always meet the oddballs and she was gone.

She's gone. God I'm going to die up here right in front of ten thousand people. Maybe they're selling tickets! I'm going to die and I try using morse code with my eyelids. If he had been able to he would have laughed right out loud.

* * *

The Sunday morning bells resounded in his ears all through the day and high above his head Richard Grover watched

the high scudding clouds behind which a pearlustered wafer of sun soared towards its rendezvous with the horizon. Everything seemed to have speeded up, to move the way things did in a silent film. The clouds were being sucked across the sky by giant exhausts just the way it was done in the films when a storm was about to break above the heads of the hero and heroine escaping across the moors to music by Miklos Rosza.

The duncolored evening sky flickered with lightning. The thunder came from far away, low, very thick and ominous. During the night the wind increased and it sucked down between the buildings and pushed open the half-closed French windows in Richard Grover's apartment and knocked over some plants he had standing on the floor. Some topsoil fell out and when the heavy rains came knifing down and slanted into the room, the soil turned to mud and a dark stain spread out and seeped into the fibers of Grover's pale blue livingroom rug.

It rained all night and far into Monday. It was a heavy rain that seemed determined to smash windows, uproot new grass and to drown the man lying alone and desolate on the pitchblack brownstone rooftop.

On the rooftowers of the Sutter Building the great stone gargoyle spewed rainwater from their grinning moronic faces. The water cascaded down upon the brownstone rooftops and heavy blots of water splattered Grover's face and he couldn't move and felt he was being paid back for being thirsty the . . . when had it been? An hour ago, this morning, last month, last year? His shirt was spread out in a pool of water that had formed about the clogged wiredrain near where he lay.

By morning, miniature waves broke upon the beachmat and pounded against the shore of Grover's right ear.

It was still raining when Ann walked up the five stonesteps to the front door. The vestibule was damp and musty smelling as she read the names on the mailboxes.

There! Grover! Richard G. Grover. D for what? David? He had never told her. There were so many things he hadn't told her. Apartment 2-C.

The inner hallway was dark and dust-smelling. A pale shaft of red and green light filtered through a fanshaped stained glass transom above the first door to her right. Ann started up the stairs when the door opened and a dark shadow crowned by bright redorange hair stepped out.

"Who are you," said the voice. It was his superintendent, Mrs. Lewis. She was very imposing in spite of the men's flannel slippers she wore and the faded housecoat beneath the hem of which Ann saw the uneven legs of flowered pajamas.

Oh, said Mrs. Lewis, she might have guessed who it was barging in like this! Ann was that girl who'd been calling all weekend. Brazen thing, so upset because a man hadn't taken her away with him. Well, she could just march right out again.

"There isn't any time!" Ann cried and ran up the stairs.

Mrs. Lewis came to the bannister and peered up "I'm going to call the police!

Ann touched his nameplate. She heard a noise inside.

"Richard? It's Ann. Is that you?" She tried the door, it was unlocked. A french window in his living room was swinging against an overturned flower pot. The dirt had muddled into a dark stain on the carpet.

The open suitcase lay on the bed. "Oh I knew it," she said. "I knew it, I knew it." Now she was afraid for him and when she found the thin volume of 100 French love poems he had slipped into the pouch along with his under-

continued on page 60

LAMENT OF A MODEL

I'm in my apartment,
So fine and so lush.
Magnificently furnished
So rich and so plush.
My larder is loaded
There's meat on the bone.
But still I'm unhappy,
Because I'm alone.

I leave my cold shelter
And roam through the street.
I walk and I walk
Till I blister my feet.
My search is just fruitless
And I return home.
To my fancy apartment
So cold and alone.

I open a bottle
And start in to drink.
Maybe liqueur will help me
That's what I think.
But liqueur, I find,
Cannot dampen a stone.
I finish the bottle.
But I'm still alone.

But Kismet had
A plan for me,
A wonderful night of joy.
I thank the maker of destiny
For letting me meet that boy.

He came to my apartment
My home so fine and lush.
Magnificently furnished
So rich and so plush.

I opened up my larder
I gave him the meat and the bone.
I even made love to him,
But he didn't want my home.

I still have my memory
Of my love for that boy
It doesn't warm my apartment
Nor does it give me joy.
My flat is getting colder.
The streets I still do roam.
And I am getting older,
And I am still alone.













Sacre Bleu!!!! I am Luci Delbert's ballet teacher, and I wish you to know zat I have nevair been so exasperait!!!! When I have zee student I expect her to be able to put on her own leotard, but not Luci!!! Non, NON, Non...!!!! She is still

SLIP TEASE

carry ovair from her exotic dance the inability to retain zee clothing on her body. So . . . instead of her first ballet lesson she show me zee slip tease and WALLA!!!! We have created a new ballet dance, the Slip Tease Ballet.







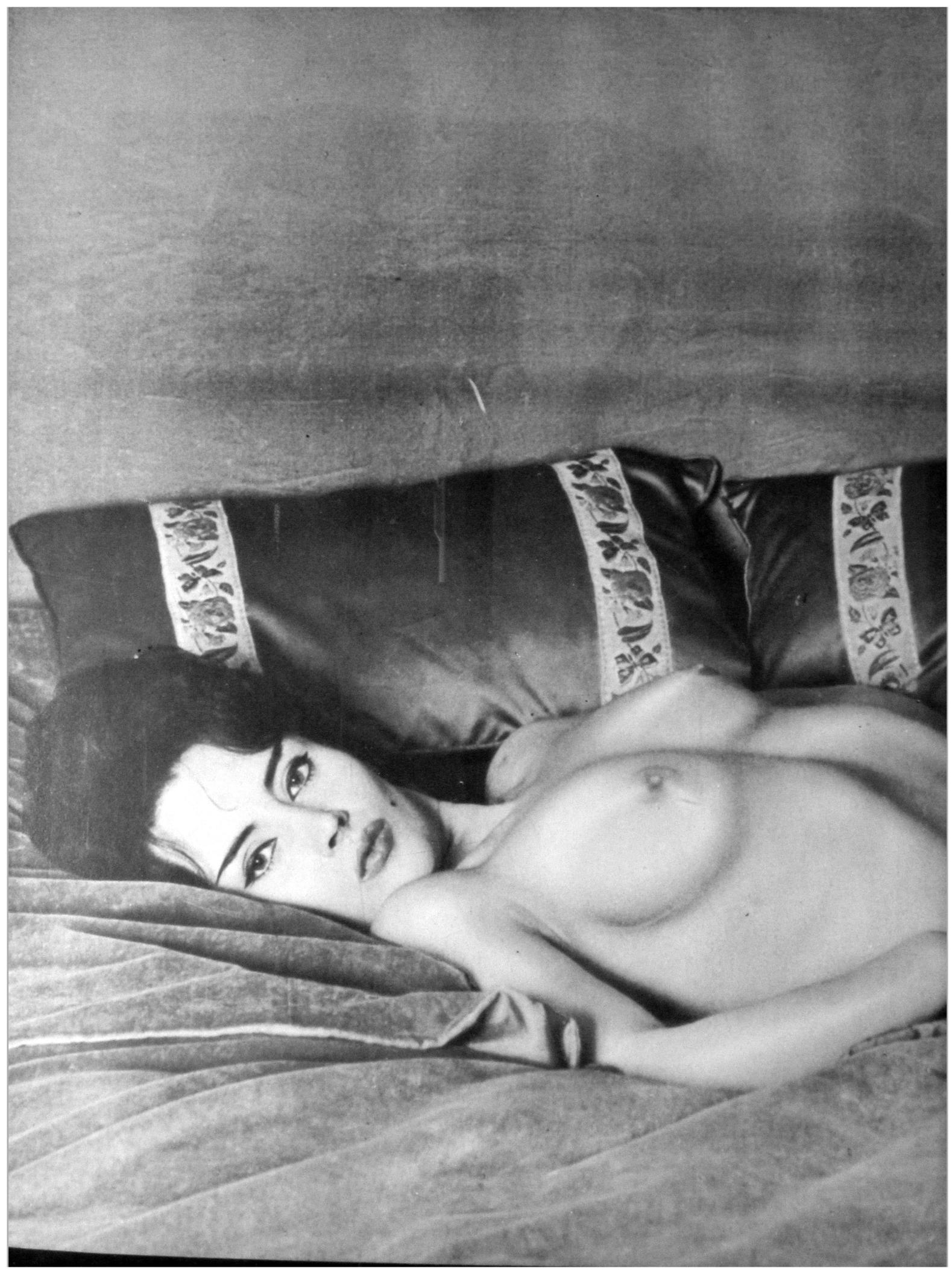


BEDTIME TALE

Sophia Daun is a lady who just loves antiques. Her entire apartment is furnished with antiques. Louis the Fourteenth living room suite. Mink Dynasty china, and many other very valuable pieces and sets. But her proudest possession is her bed. This bed is four hundred years old. It belonged to Comtess De Paramadour. She was the famous French noblewoman who had more lovers than anyone in history by the time she was 23 years old. Her career was cut short, just after her 23rd birthday, by her husband who thought he was killing his mistress. Sophia likes this bed because it conjures up such fantastic visions for her that she wouldn't part with it for all the money in the world.









shorts, Ann sat on the bed and cried. But only for a moment and softly.

The old woman's scream startled her and Ann ran into the living room.

Mrs. Lewis was pointing to the large stain on the rug.

"Blood" she whispered.

Ann moved to the French windows and watched the rain drive across the small bricked porch in windswept spurts.

"He didn't need a sunlamp after all."

Mrs. Lewis was investigating the drawers and reading the names on the letters lying on Grover's desk.

"Oh," she said abstractedly. "He wanted to borrow mine but I'd already loaned it to my ladyfriend who has bursitis of the hip. It won't help though. All in her mind, really."

Ann turned to her. "But he didn't need one. He could've gotten some sun

out there." She pointed to the french windows.

Mrs. Lewis shook her head. No that was always in shade, from the building you know. But he could always go up to the roof. Anyway, Grover wasn't the kind of man to lie around in shorts and have people watching him.

Ann moved swiftly to the front door.

"What did I say?" the old woman asked.

"Call a doctor," said Ann on the stairs.

"Why? He wouldn't be up there now in all this rain!"

"Get one anyway," Ann cried and ran up to the roof.

* * *

Frankie took off his raincoat and hung it up to dry by the window. He took another drag on his cigarette and watched the rain slanting down toward

the rooftops. He laughed.

"There's my crazy friend," he said to Dave, who'd just walked in.

"Who?"

"The guy down there on the roof."

Dave looked at the man down there and said. "I think he's dead."

Two girls from another department came over to the window.

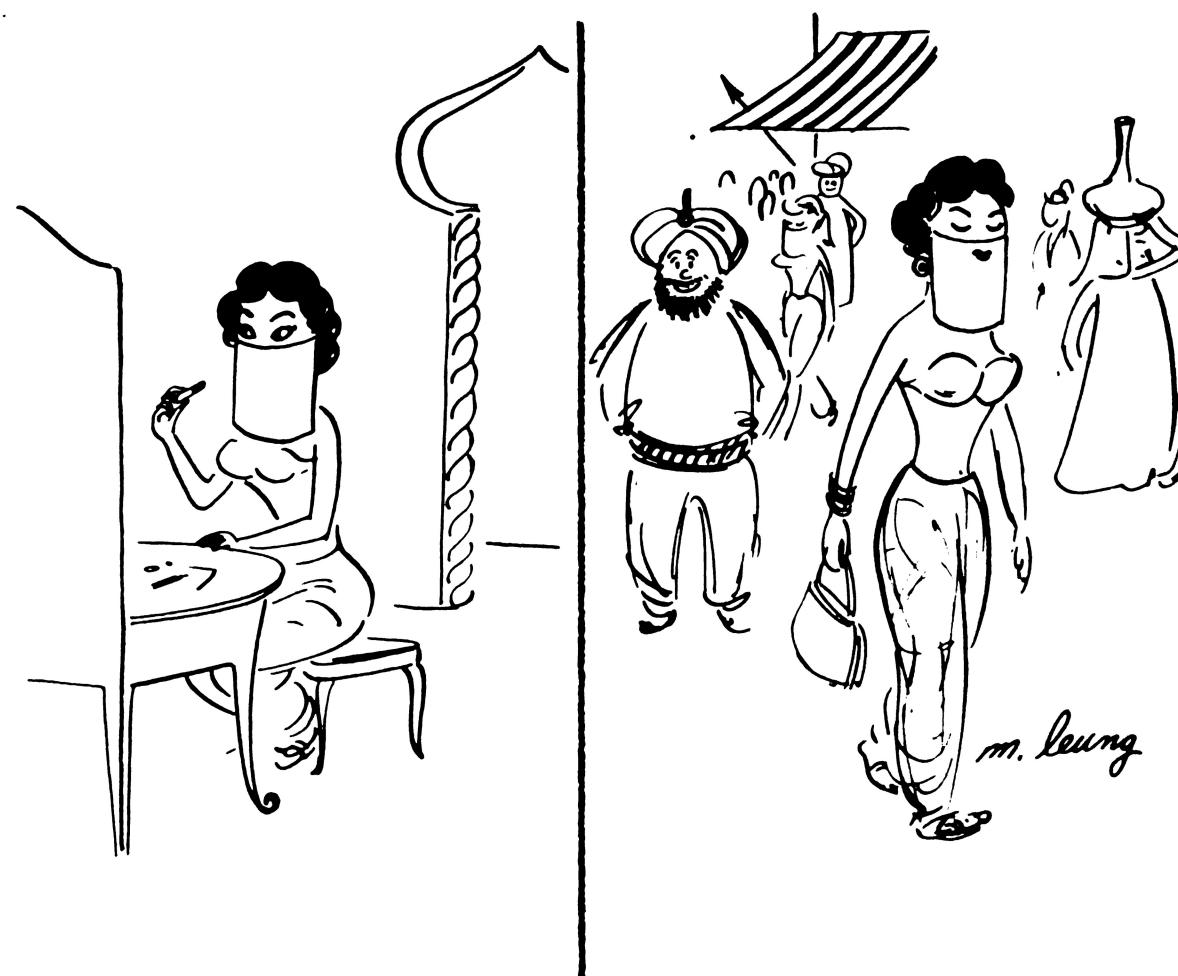
Ooh, he was lying in all that rain! There was a girl coming out onto the roof! The girl was kneeling beside him.

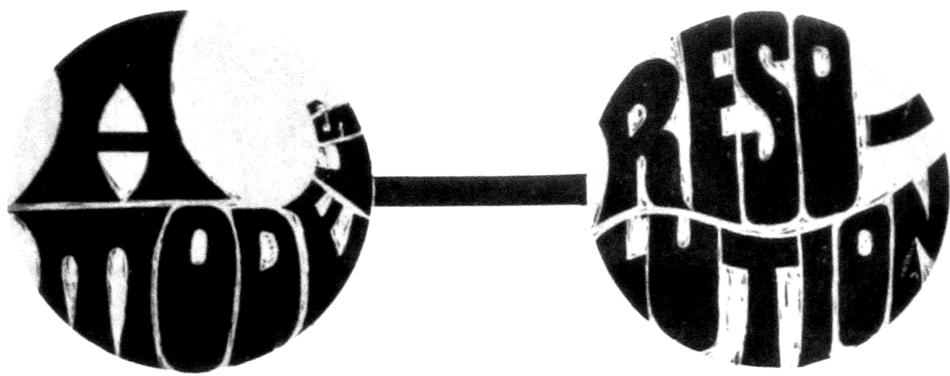
"Ooh," said one of the office girls, "She's listenin' fer his heartbeat!"

The group stood at the window, their faces pressed close to the glass, their eyes intent upon the scene below.

"Jesis," said Frankie. "Lookit that rain!"

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦





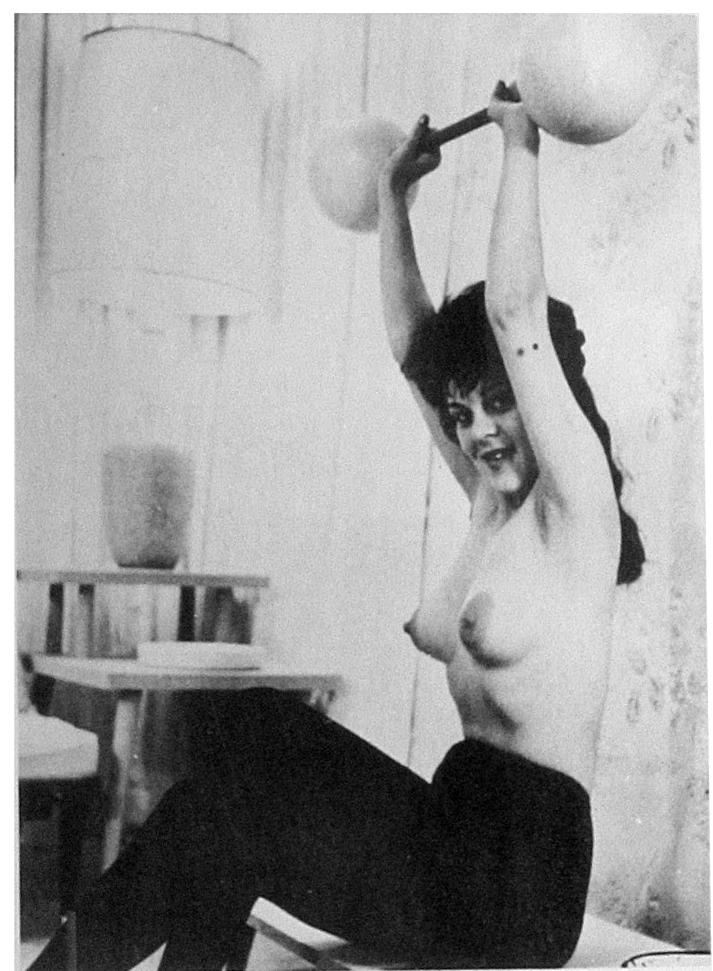
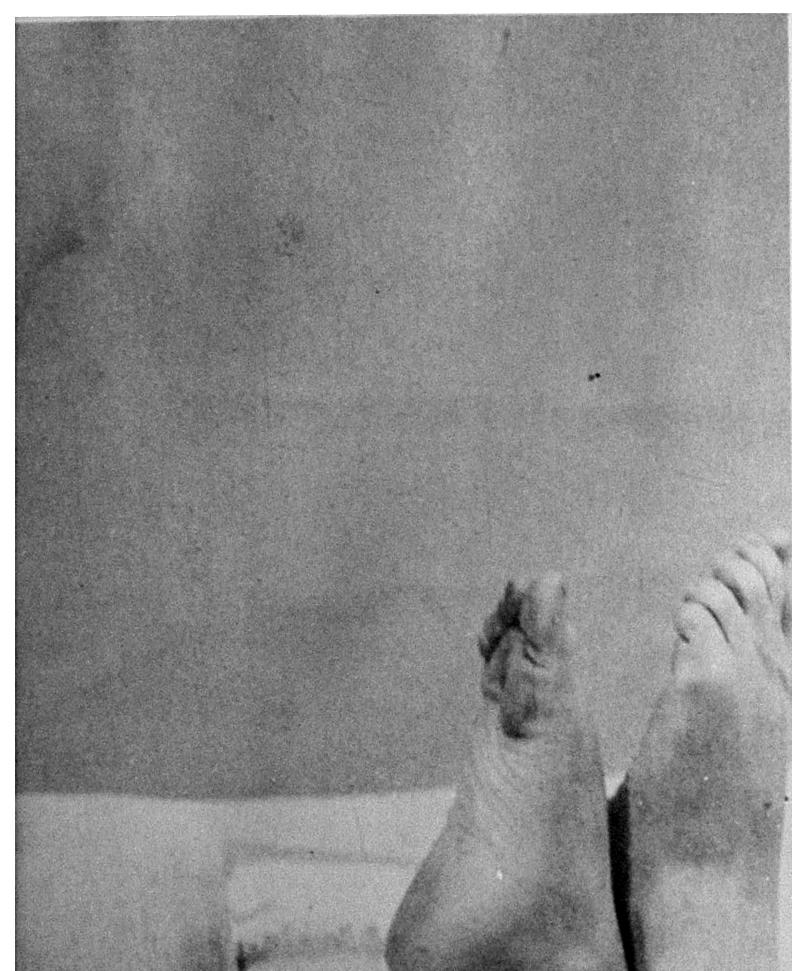
Life is wonderful, thought Carol Lewis, but then she thought again. Somehow she had the feeling that something was missing. For two hours she meditated on the subject going over everything she had. A fabulous apartment paid for by her parents and backed up with a generous allowance. A huge circle of friends, especially men. She had more parties to attend than she could possibly fit into a week. She had a wardrobe fit for a queen and jewelry to match. Suddenly the answer hit her like a ton of bricks.

She had all these worldly goods but she had not come upon one of them by her own efforts. That's what was missing, a sense of achievement. There and then she decided what she would do. Looking at herself in the mirror the answer was obvious she would become a model. The more she thought about it the more she liked the idea.

Out went the cocktail shaker, the glasses, the bottles, out went the party get ups. Carol was going into training with mucho gusto. Exercise was the answer, dumbbells, barbells, wallbars and press ups, that was Carol's schedule for three weeks. Once more she inspected the goods in the mirror. This was it. Carol was now ready to become a model. She called us for our opinion. Our answer? You can see for yourselves. We think Carol is going places. How about you?







TIGER ON THE BEARSKIN



People everywhere are always complaining about their insomnia. They try everything to get to sleep from hot milk to sleeping pills. Mandy Morgan used to have a sleep problem, but not anymore. Not since she got her baresk—oops, we mean **bearskin**. She claims that since she started sleeping on this fuzzy wuzzy, she hasn't had a restless night. Her circulation has improved and so has

her disposition. Here she demonstrates how relaxing this type of mattress can really be. Don't try to put it on a bed!! The baresk—oops **bearskin** we mean. Put it on the floor. It will also improve your posture. So if you are having trouble getting to sleep at night, take Mandy Morgan's advice. You will find that your baresk — oops — we mean **bearskin** rug will do the trick.









In India they have a saying that once a hungry tiger has tasted human flesh he will never again hunt the deer, and he will return again and again. Well, Tiger Jane Mattis is not the man eating kind of tiger, but she does return again because of the popularity that she has with our readers. We don't have any other model that receives as much mail as Jane and they are all interested in knowing more about her.

Tiger Jane is a London girl. She is just eighteen years old and she has been modeling for the past four years.

(PURRR-FECT)

Since modeling is the only work that she has ever done she has no other ambitions than to be a good model. We can say without any fear of contradiction that Jane is one of the best. Her popularity speaks for that.

She likes to go out and she dates as often as she can. She likes tall masculine looking men and not the pretty boy types.

We hope that answers all the fan mail that Jane has been receiving but we know that if the flow of mail keeps up, the Tiger will have to return to these pages again.







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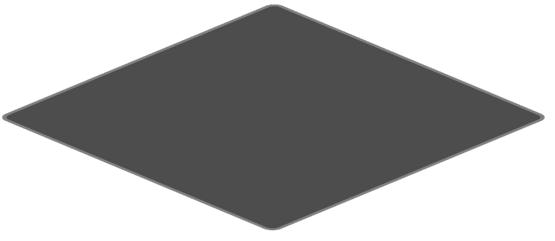
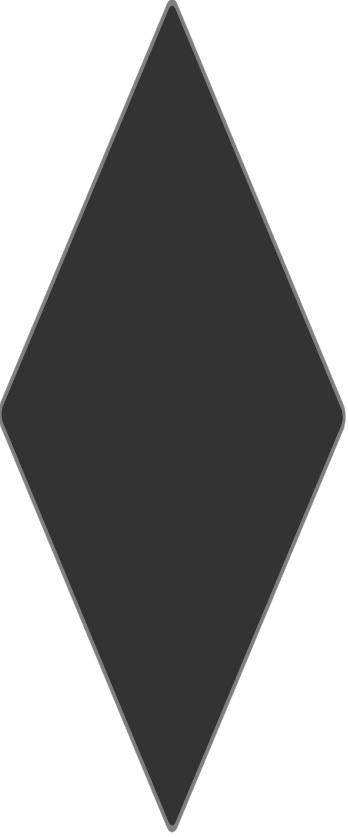
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